

LIGER! Cheetah! Scott! Phil! Jeremy! Chris! Rob! GREAT SASUKE! and other stuff that ruined all chances for stoicism at nCoCon 97!:))

Howdy!

WELCOME TO DEATH VALLEY DRIVER VIDEO REVIEW #34! This is the special edition that will cover everything that was viewed at CheetahCON 97- a gathering to welcome the collosally nice and collossally wrestling -knowledgable Scott Lacy to the fair Mid-Atlantic region and it also gave us all a good excuse to roadtrip to Boonesboro to see indie wrestling at a Livestock auction house and it gave us excuse to watch a big batch of wrestling tapes and it gave us a good excuse to see what these internet folks looklike.:) I personally had an absolutely swell time and Phil and I were talking about hopefully roadtripping to MEWF this summer and goofing around with these great people again (wife and girlfriend permitting! WOO- HOO!) I had a blast!

I left the house at 11 after thanking Ollie for e-mailing me about Kawada Finally pinning PHATboy Misawa and then I e-mailed JD and Glenn to offer congratulations that This International Nightmare is Finally over.:) I then e-mailed Lee and said I was on the way to the Day-Long-WrestleTapeViewingfest/Midnight-Choker-Manual-gawkathon (B-bomb BABY! Learn to love it, JD! Manami! WOO-HOO! ((Actually Takako smokes her like cheap cigar in BODY OIL, but somebody had to say something:))) /Landspeed record for most gut-busting quips in one room in one day, (Rob Hoffman had a personal best 9,000 one-liners that left us all staring in his wake (and rolling on the floor)). Lee and the amazing Scott met me at the door as I arrived after doing a bit of sight-seeing in the nation's capitol ("AHH CRAP! that's 495 to 395! Mother of Garsh! Where the hell am I?"). I ventured into the Cheetah's lair, the pinnacle of mystery and tantalizing esoterica, greeted our Leader and the spunky Scott- who was up from Georgia- and scarfed down a lion's share of the raw veggie platter. Lee was astounded at my propensity to drink enough Diet Coke to satiate four average guests. I recoiled in shame and asked to use the phone so I could call Phil and tell him where I was when he needed to call and bail out of the road trip. I was pretty positive that he was going to ruin his knee in his rugby game or something like that and not be able to join the festivities. Luckily, my fears were groundless as you will find out later. I was introduced to the truly hilarious fellow-Richmonder Rob and planted my keister next to him as Lee put in the first Japanese tape that JD sent from the left coast. I am introduced to The Most Dangerous Man Ever Issued A License In The State Of Virginia: Jeremy Billones.:) Jeremy proves to be one of the sweetest folks in the world by the end of the day and ganders up at the tape. It had-

NEW JAPAN TV- 4/12/97, Tokyo Dome

The saving grace on this baby was the Sasuke/Liger match which was about as packed with manly goodness as one would expect. Sasuke does a Rider Kick and a Sasuke Special so the fractured skull thing was lost on him, I'm supposing. Liger is the MASTER OF WRESTLING. He is the BEST WRESTLER IN THE WORLD. THIS MATCH RULED BECAUSE JUSHIN THUNDER LIGER WAS IN IT. The finisher was bliss. Not so blissful was the fact that there was

the usual New Japan ham-fisted editing of this match, but we got to see every second of the Inoki/Sayama throwaway ("Did he really just win with an abdominal stretch?"), the really crappy Chono/Muta match and other assorted NWo stuff.

Next on it was- ALL-JAPAN TV- with April Carny stuff on it. Akiyama and Hansen was not good. No. Not at all. Taue and Gary Allbright was short and fast-forwarded alot so we got to see the good parts. They elude me at this moment.:)

At this point, Chris walks in the door with a bag of tapes. Chris is a muscular, burly man and good man to have with you when you are walking the mean streets of Boonesboro, I found out later.:)

Next up was the- MEWF-Three Way Ladder Match- Quinn Nash/Steve Corino/Adam (Atom?) Flash. At this point I commented, and Rob seconded me, that we collectively hate everybody who lives in DC/PA/DEL because they can drive ten minutes and see indie wrestling this good. GEEZ! This match was insane. This was basically a clinic on cool bumps and yet there was an inkling of psychology mixed in somewhere- though it kinda faded in and out depending on what the highspot required.:) Royce Proffitt's big fat head obscures the coolest move of the match- Corino's double legdrop off the ladder onto both opponents. I knew this is what it was because Lee, Rob, Chris and Jeremy all were there and they told me- lucky bastards.:)

We then find the GLENN! tape that GLENN! sent because he RULES THE FUCKING WORLD! and it has many beautiful things on it

We reluctantly fast forward through all the Pancrase stuff (which I will be watching as soon as I get my copy of this baby) lot of the AJW stuff because we have to leave at 5 and we have about 12 hours of video we wanna watch so the reader's digest version was what we were forced to do with everybody's stuff. Scott wanted to see what Takako was wearing (Black Leather! Oooooooo I feel funny....:)) and I wanted to see the end of the Sato/Nagashima match (Sato with a figure four; no flipping of the bird unfortunately; GAEA RULES!). After that was

ALL JAPAN TV- April 97

This had Akiyama vs Kobashi and GOD! did it rule. Kobashi flirts with being the irritating Kenta that I have come know but puts that all to rest with a ULTRAstiff spinning back-forearm that HAD to SUCK if you were Akiyama. There is clearly audible THUD on the tape as Kenta gives the youngster the discipline he needs. Kobashi slams Punkiyama on his surly punk head a few times for good measure and Akiyama responds with some CHOICE Exploder suplexes. I'm not giving away the ending, but I didn't like it. I LOVED the match though. G'wan! Go get it already!

Cheetah then calls the enemy of all that good and decent- JD the CROWBOY- and we all yammer with him for a while as he is sipping brandy in his palatail estate somewhere in the So Cal area. I finally talk with the dark one and we yammer about how incredibly old El Canek is

and how Eric Bischoff has FEAR OF A JDW PLANET! and how very not good the abdominal stretch is for a finisher in this day and age and what have you:) He forces Lee to put in the second tape he sent which had the

MICHINOKU PRO CHAMP FORUM- 4-97

Which has all the five individual matches on it and Old Scratch said we HAD to watch TAKA vs NANIWA and five minutes before we fire that tape up, I call Phil's and he says he had been trying to call while we were all yammering with Big John the Bischoff-Killer:). Jeremy, being the true Master of Men, immediately takes off and goes to pick up Phil and they return in time for us to watch the TAKA/Naniwa match. We skimmed through the other four while waiting and we all wept bitter tears of hate and disappointment as the incredibly very not-great Hanzo Nakajima, dressed as TM4, does a surprise run-in on Super Delfin, and gets the win over for Shiryu over Delfin. Can Kaientai Deluxe survive the addition of their very own nWo Sting? The TAKA/Naniwa match was pretty spectacular as TAKA got all shoot-style on him and Naniwa recovered enough from wearing an "Ode-to-Bam-Bam Bigelow" outfit to hang with the best worker in MP (this month, anyway!:) Naniwa hit all his signature moves and hinted at the dreaded ringpost-to-the-floor Frankensteiner but TAKA isn't stupid/crazy as Sasuke so THAT wasn't gonna happen. TAKA did THE FATTEST ASSED reverse springboard moonsault I ever seed. This match was kneedeep in where MP's head is at these days- it had the Lucha, then mixed in a healthy portion of flashier BAttIARTS submission stuff, and mixed in absolute state-of-the-art highspots while all keeping the Japanese-style psychology coated over every aspect. You should go get this baby too.

After this we began THE JOURNEY TO BOONEBORO- (or"I thought I saw Buddy Landell for a second there.") But that is for tomorrow's post, my child!

CHEETAH~!